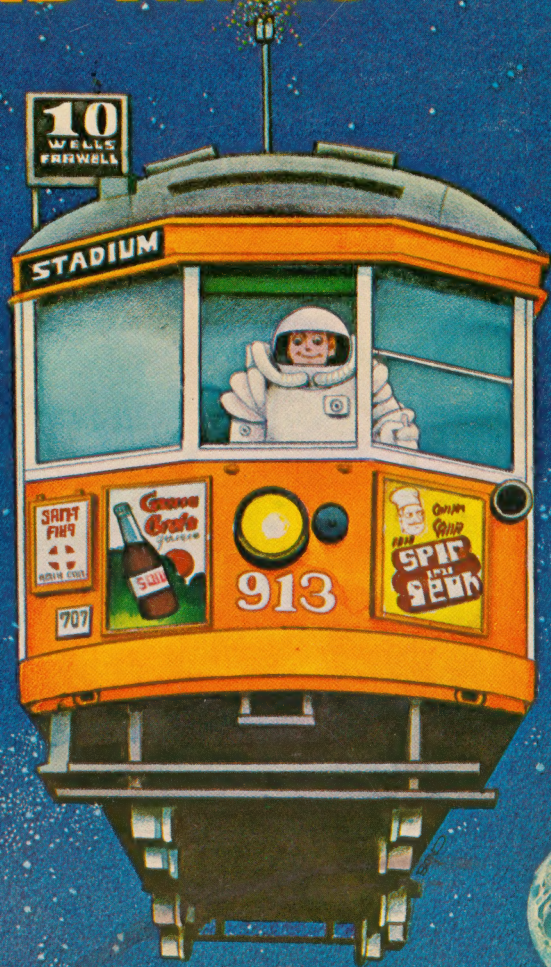


FORD TIMES

JULY 1978



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The Ford Owner's Magazine

July 1978, Vol. 71, No. 7

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Cover: A streetcar ride to Milwaukee County Stadium to see the Braves provided a boy with fantasies of rocketing to the moon. Story begins on page 8. Illustration by Bruce Bond.



Few creatures are
as extinction-proof as
these denizens of
the deep end
(and the shallow)

LIFE AT THE SWIMMING

by Zibby Oneal
illustrations by Greta Elgaard

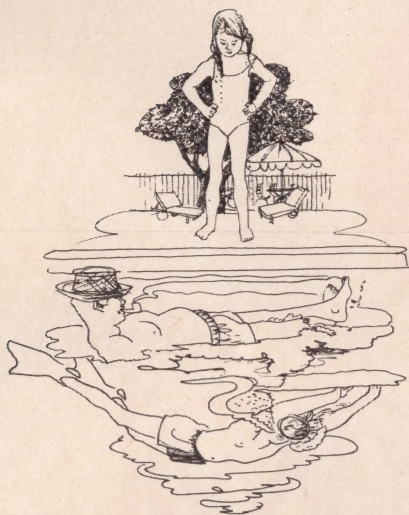
ONE WAY and another I've spent a lot of time in and around swimming pools. Lately it has been more around than in, actually, since my children claim that the way I do the sidestroke embarrasses them. For one who once compared herself favorably with Esther Williams this is somewhat hard to take, but, on the positive side, sitting in the sun gives me a lot of time for observation.

What I have observed is that human nature doesn't change much, especially at swimming pools. Thirty years ago kids were running on wet pavement and lifeguards were yelling at them. It still happens. An earful of water was remedied then by



POOL





hopping on one foot, head tilted. I notice the method has not been improved upon. That's fine with me. Continuity is reassuring. If I am sitting now in my mother's place, then certainly the knobby-kneed child cannonballing off the diving board is in mine. The actors change, but the roles don't.

Each season it is a new set of babies that staggers forth in drooping diapers to investigate the water, but they are only replacing last year's crowd. A new group of mothers sits alert at the edge of the wading pool. Plastic pails and shovels and ducks get lost or broken or fought over. A few heads get bumped. A certain amount of pool water gets swallowed inadvertently or by design and, at 12 o'clock, all the mothers gather all the

babies and go home for naps. When was it ever any different?

I find that I look forward to seeing the familiar roles refilled. I begin, in fact, to wait impatiently for certain actors to appear.

The eager young father who emerges each season, certain that his 14-month-old baby is ready to swim, happens to be one of my favorites. His confident step, his hopeful smile, are touching. On his hand is a tiny child outfitted in new red trunks, carrying the ragged remnant of a favorite blanket. He is a peaceful-looking child. You'd never guess he could scream the way he presently does.

The father hops in. He may even give a brief demonstration. Then he holds out his arms to his child. And that's that. With the first drop of water the baby rears back as if he were face-to-face with a scorpion. His arms flail, his back arches and from the wide circle of his mouth come shrieks that instantly rivet the attention of everyone at the pool.

The father is baffled. (It is only water!) The child is adamant. (It may *look* like water but who can be sure?) And so he screams on. Nine times out of 10 they will give it up and skulk back to the sandbox. The baby settles down with a mouthful of sand and the lesson is over. You can lead a child to water but, apparently, that continues to be about all you can do.

What that young father doesn't know is that within five years his child will be scooting around the pool like a waterbug. He will, by then, be

the bane of the lifeguard's existence, cannonballing into space with earsplitting yells, splashing every adult within 10 yards. He will be deaf as a doorknob to any command.

At every pool there is a ragtag group of just such little boys. Their eyes are bloodshot from swimming underwater. Their hair is plastered to their foreheads. Their noses peel. Their ribs protrude. Their bathing suits cling half-mast to their hipbones. Always, they have just lost their noseplugs at the bottom of the deep end. Duck-footed in flippers they stand staring into the depths, reminding each other that the last time this happened the noseplug managed to stop up the filter.

Across the pool, on the opposite shore, the little girls sit watching, hugging their Band-Aided knees. Several of them have perfected the swan dive, several others have failed and are pretending to think that swan dives are dumb. They are all pretending the boys are dumb. Each time one of that motley group dives for the missing noseplug, the girls nudge each other knowingly.

They wear tank suits, drooping in the back. They are all in love with the lifeguard. Consequently they sign up for batteries of swimming and diving lessons taught by him and work like furies for their lifesaving badges. They practice the hair-carry, using one another's hair; they tread water 10 minutes at a stretch—and every one of them can swim a mile. It makes you wonder how many per-

fect crawls are the result of a summer's crush on a lifeguard.

In the roped-off swimming lane an elderly man is doing a decorous breaststroke. Behind him swims a lady in a white bathing cap grimly putting in 22 laps because she is trying to lose 10 pounds.

Down in the shallow end a group of 6-year-olds is experimenting with how many heads will fit in an inner tube. Another bunch plays Marco Polo and their chirping voices somehow dominate the air. A small boy circles round and round in a diving mask. Two girls try standing on their hands.

Always there is the one embarrassed child who is forced to swim in a T-shirt. His mother worries about sunburn and has likely coated his nose with zinc oxide as well. To disguise his condition, he swims underwater. His mother paces the length of the pool fearing he has drowned.

Few mothers are so cautious any more, and that *is* a change. A lot of them used to be, or at least they had more rules. The rules were reiterated each summer until, like looking - both - ways - when - you - cross - the - street and never - talking - to - strangers, they assumed the force of the Ten Commandments.

Take, for instance, the obligatory hour out of the water that we used to endure while our lunch digested. It was thought that anyone entering the pool with so much as a dill pickle in his stomach would sink directly to

the bottom with an attack of cramps. No one ever described cramps exactly, but we knew that they were terrible. Now I notice children going straight from the last Hydrox to the first half gainer with no observable ill effects. It makes you stop and think.

I notice, too, that nobody seems to worry anymore about children getting chilled. I remember well the brigade of mothers who used to cluster on the pool edge holding out dry towels to us and calling, "Your lips are turning blue!" Now you see children all the time with corrugated fingertips, chattering teeth and lips as blue as delphiniums happily hurling themselves off the high board

while their mothers work crossword puzzles. The extra exposure doesn't seem to hurt them a bit.

My attention is caught by a grandmother who is recording her grandson's dead man's float with a movie camera. Unlike the grandmothers of my day, who came to the pool in thin voile dresses and sat under trees cooling themselves with pleated paper fans, this woman is wearing a two-piece bathing suit. She looks terrific.

She looks almost as terrific as the taffy-colored teen-age girls who recline in the sun in bikinis chewing gum and combing their hair. High above them in his chair sits the



lifeguard, the smooth-muscle local deity. They squint upwards at him. They chew. They comb. But they never go near the water. With suntan lotion prices what they are, this is probably just as well.

And, anyway, the pool is full. There is a water fight going on at one end. A child perched high on her father's shoulders is riding him like a horse. Near the center a plump man floats, studying his toes. A jet-powered 10-year-old submarine passes under him on a dare while the submarine's sister stands on the pool edge insisting it is lunchtime. Her legs are scrawny. Her bathing suit and her braids sag damply. It is hard

to imagine that in five years she will be one of the gum-chewing hair-combers. But she will.

By then, bikinis will be smaller than pocket handkerchiefs. New rock groups will be heard on the transistor radios. The young matrons who sit under straw hats from the Caribbean doing needlepoint will be replaced by their daughters, doing the same. The lifeguard who sits in lordly splendor today will be floating on his back looking at his toes while his children rise brave but trembly-chinned from yet another bellyflop.

And I? Well, I'll be doing the side-stroke again. My children will be too old to be embarrassed. □





STREETCAR TO THE MOON





by Robert Persons

illustrations by Bruce Bond

IN THE pre-Sputnik days of trolley cars and the Milwaukee Braves, I decided that if I couldn't be a major league ballplayer, then I would drive a streetcar when I grew up. The connection between baseball and streetcars is not obvious, until I say that it was the streetcar that took me to see countless Braves games at the Milwaukee County Stadium, and I became quite familiar with both.

I had ridden streetcars downtown before, and even to Whitefish Bay and Bay View. But never had I experienced the ride across the Wells Street trestle until the Braves moved into town and took over the stadium. It was that experience that convinced me that driving a trolley car would not only be "neat," with the clanging and rattling and with the speed lever shifted from one end to

the other for the return trip, but it could also be *exciting*.

A few years later, however, having absorbed dozens of science fiction books and movies, especially the magnificent Arthur Clarke/Chesley Bonestell books on space travel, I decided I wanted to be the first man on the moon. The trolley cars were being phased out anyway, so I felt only the mildest of guilt pangs for forsaking my original vision. Besides, how could driving a streetcar on rigid tracks along fixed and unalterable routes compare with piloting a spacecraft into orbit and on into the black unknown of space, and then stepping down onto the surface of a world no man had ever set foot on before?

Well, I never became an astronaut, either. After all, I was too tall, my teeth weren't very good, I wasn't a pilot—and did I want to go through that heavy discipline and training anyway?

Admitting I was more a romantic than a true explorer, I found myself recalling those days of simpler aspirations. Besides, I told myself, that ride in the old Number 10 streetcar across the Wells Street trestle was probably the most exciting experience an ordinary person could hope for, if he made the trip the right way. To do that required remembering two key points and giving one's imagination full rein.

The result? More fun than anything that ever was at the State Fair. More fun than rocketing to the moon

...well, maybe, maybe not. But it was some trip, nevertheless, for a schoolboy on his way to County Stadium to watch Lew Burdette bowl over Roy Campanella, Gil Hodges, Duke Snider and the rest of the Dodgers.

Despite the long ride through downtown and then across town to the Stadium, I was glad I lived on the East Side, near the beginning of Number 10's route. For then I could get a window seat on the right side and hang onto it while the trolley car gradually filled to bursting. If I had lived, say, west of downtown, I probably would have left home extra early, to take a reverse ride up to the East Side just to get that window seat. As you will see, it was the first key requirement for the whole experience.

Sitting on the high driver's seat in the rear was fun, if the driver let me. I could play with the coin box, ring the floor bell and "drive" the streetcar backwards. But when it came to flying out on the trestle, I sat next to the window.

A shower of sparks crackled down past the window as the streetcar bumped through the switching tracks that sent it down Farwell Avenue instead of Brady Street, where the Number 15 streetcar went. The trolley pole cracked and zapped above the roof, catching the Farwell Avenue wire. Sometimes it didn't catch the wire properly, and then the lights would go out and the motors would whine down. Then the driver had to

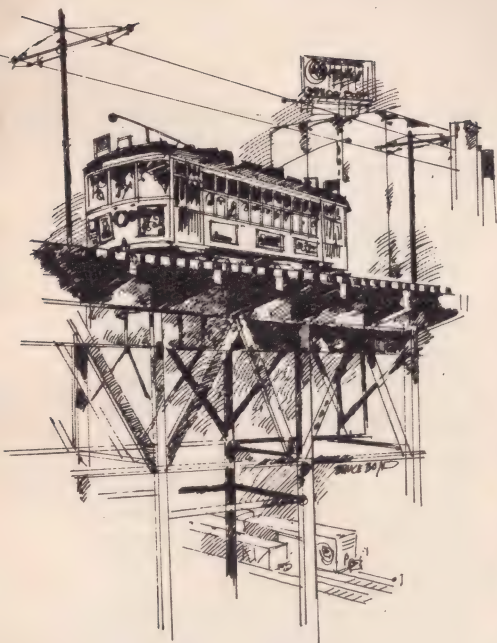
put on his heavy gloves and haul on the cable to maneuver the pole back onto the power wire. I always looked for the sparks on the ground where they seemed to be falling, but they always disappeared, as if by magic.

The trip to the ballpark took almost an hour, and halfway along Wells Street the seats were all filled. Then people started to fill the aisles, hanging onto straps or seat handles. By the time it got to 35th Street, the car was jammed. On a hot day it helped to have the windows open.

After a long stop at 35th Street, which always filled up the remaining gaps inside the car, I settled down for the ride across the trestle. Built not for automobile traffic but for streetcars, it had no railings as did the Wisconsin Avenue bridge to the south. Just two tracks on a narrow, open, wood framework.

This was the second key to the adventure. I had long ago discovered that if I pressed my face to the bars on the lower half of the window, I would see no part of the trestle. I could see to within a few feet of the wheels, but the trestle wood didn't extend that far out.

Wells Street ended at 35th Street, continuing only as a gravel-bedded pair of tracks to the bluff overlooking the valley. Here, the driver always cranked the throttle arm full turn, and the streetcar rolled faster and faster. The gravel bed soon streaked by in a blur, and then disappeared. With my face still pressed to the window, I felt a surge in my chest. There



was nothing under the car! The trestle wasn't there—just clear air between me and the valley so far below. The streetcar had rocketed straight off a cliff and now sailed out into the air high above the valley!

There was a thrill of fear, as I thought that this time the car would fall, fall grandly like a wounded bird. (It happened: I had read it in the paper, once, how a streetcar had fallen off the trestle.)

But it didn't fall. It glided recklessly out, straight but rocking from side to side, with steel wheels clicking furiously under the floorboards.

Tiny trains moved in slow motion far below. Miniature buildings looked like a Monopoly board, and a

gray thread of a road wound among trees that looked like small shrubs and boulders that looked like pebbles. It was an experience bordering on the mystical for this preteenager.

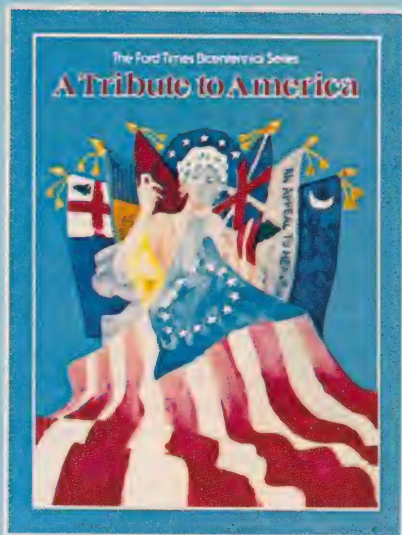
To be seated at a left-side window would have broken the spell, for the eastbound tracks would be visible—an obvious physical support. So I kept my face pressed to the window bars and saw only the valley and the great open space between me and it. I was really flying, and nothing—not even the forthcoming baseball game—could match that exhilarating experience.

I gazed in wonder up and down the valley that seemed to be moving slowly under me and fixed my gaze on the red brick buildings of the Miller Brewing Company as my spacecraft went into orbit around them. Rising high into the air was a huge sign boldly advertising the "Champaign of Bottled Beer." And then there was the girl—an animated picture on that sign—a beautiful girl in a strange costume, merrily swinging on a crescent moon!

The streetcars are gone now, for what were seen then as practical reasons, but now (by some, at least) as short-sighted reasons. In any case, many people remember them with fondness. Perhaps there are others whose lives would have been different without them. For now that I think of it, that is what really made me decide to be an astronaut—the rocketing out into space toward a girl who was swinging on the moon. □

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—The Editors

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A Tribute to America

AT THE CENTER of Seattle's downtown real estate, which is made up of the usual tall office buildings, hotels and shopping areas, a first-in-the-country phenomenon has bloomed. It's called Freeway Park and what makes it unique is that it is built smack on top of an 11-lane freeway that ribbons through the city.

Basically, the park was spawned from continuing citizen complaints about the city's being overtaken by too much concrete. Ironically, those who barked the loudest use the freeway daily to come in from the suburbs in a fourth of the pre-freeway time.

But the city fathers did take notice and embarked on a project to put a little green back in town, to give downtowners a place to sun themselves and dangle their feet in any one of several pools, and to give office workers a break from business to brown-bag it on lush green lawns as they tuned in the crashing sound of waterfalls.

Aware of the success that Lawrence Halprin, the famed landscape architect, had in Portland, Oregon, Minneapolis and elsewhere, the city planners called in his firm to do what it could for Seattle. Originally, the park was to be nothing more than a grassy lid over a two-block segment of Interstate 5. Then came plans for a municipal parking garage to intercept traffic bound for downtown, and plans by a private developer for a 21-story office building with garage. Later, an additional lid and planters

Seattle's Freeway Park

*An emerald isle
in a sea
of concrete*

story and photos by
Robert W. Kelley





above and beside the freeway resulted in the creation of the "great box garden" in the south portion of the park.

As completed, the park is 5.4 acres of lawns, plantings, pools and trees. The two garages accommodate 813 cars in space below the park not occupied by the freeway.

The hustling noise of car and truck traffic is not offensive because it is partly muffled by the sound of the waterfalls, which are in a 32-foot-deep canyon. Two pumps there recirculate 27,000 gallons of water every minute and help produce a sound usually reserved for wilderness areas and nature's waterways.

The park was opened the Fourth of July, 1976, and was an immediate success with mothers who brought their small children to splash in the pools and run and jump down the terraces. Businessmen from nearby office buildings stroll through the park on their lunch hour.

The park is a gardener's delight, with automated irrigation through a maze of pipes that can carry added nutrients. Eventually, when the trees are grown, it will take on the look of a small forested oasis in the middle of the city.

Lawrence Halprin says that the "trick is to perceive the old freeway as part of the cityscape and to tame it, rather than complain about it."

Already other cities are studying Seattle's coverup caper, and it may not be long before freeway parks will spring up across the land. □



THE COLLECTING

Is there a reason why people are consumed with the desire to acquire hairpins, dog-license tags, fly swatters, spark plugs...?

PRACTICALLY everyone collects things at one time or another. Books, stamps, coins, toys, seashells, paintings and paperweights are among the traditional and most popular items collected, but some people collect menus, hairpins, gavels, beer steins, blotters, weathervanes, sleigh bells, compasses, wax sealers, valentines, locks and keys, flags, cookie cutters, slot machines and inkwells. Still others collect even more offbeat items, like barbed wire, bootjacks, insulators, doll umbrellas, spark plugs, razor blades, dog-license tags, insurance policies, fly swatters, rat traps and toilet-paper holders. The number of items regarded as collectible

by William Walden



profit. But what impels the vast majority of collectors, who have no thought of financial gain? Those who buy art in its various forms usually do so for the aesthetic pleasure their acquisitions give them. Persons who collect "nostalgia" items like buttonhooks or stereopticon slides may do so because the items recall a simpler, happier period. Still other collectors, like photographers who acquire odd cameras or lenses, may amass objects for actual use.

While collecting is usually an enjoyable hobby, there is an implicit danger: In the course of time it sometimes grows into an acquisitive urge so powerful that it defies control. Two or three pieces of unusually shaped driftwood may look fine on a mantelpiece (and the hunt for them at the seashore will have provided the finder with fresh air and exercise). Six or eight pieces of driftwood in a room seem a bit much. A couple of dozen pieces of driftwood smack of clutter, even if they are spread through a house. Four dozen pieces of driftwood may present a serious storage problem, and five or six dozen can push the inhabitants out of the house.

What impels a person to acquire 400 different duck decoys, 300 assorted telegraph keys or a gross of various telephones?

Like the snowball rolling downhill, collectors keep adding as they gain momentum. Many have difficulty explaining to a nonenthusiast just what appeal the item that they

collect holds for them. What started as an amusing hobby can become a compulsion, an obsession or even a mania.

Psychologists offer a number of possible motivations to account for the collector's acquisitive urge. Unfortunately, practically none of them is flattering. According to psychologists, collecting may be:

A form of competitiveness—a way of outdoing or outstripping a rival, a neighbor, a friend, an acquaintance, a superior, an enemy;

An attempt to incite envy or admiration in other people;

A way of elevating the owner's self-esteem and reducing his feelings of inadequacy or insecurity;

A reaching for power and excitement;

A substitute for loving other persons or for being loved by other persons;

An elaborate and sometimes expensive way of consuming time;

A hobby whose novelty keeps wearing off and so must constantly be renewed by acquiring more, bigger, rarer, and/or costlier items;

An outlet for avarice, frustration or religious zeal;

A way of resolving inner conflicts;

A symbolic form of exhibitionism or self-exposure;

A kind of fetishism, in that the collector usually likes to touch, hold, fondle and show off the objects he collects;

A form of gambling for those who hope to make a large profit from sell-



ing what they collect;

A vicarious accomplishment or achievement;

A feeding of one's pride and vanity;

A relief from anxiety.

So much for the psychologists. In the interest of fairness, a half dozen collectors were asked to comment on these motivations attributed to them.

Their answers follow.

Mrs. Elaine R----, a fiftyish widow who has been collecting glass paperweights for 22 years: "Before an aunt suggested to me that I collect paperweights, I was tense, nervous, suspicious of everyone, argumentative and practically impossible to get along with. Collecting paperweights has soothed and settled me, and given me a purpose in life. My family, friends and neighbors will testify to that."

Henry M. B----, an accountant in his 30s who is the proud owner of over a hundred lamp finials: "My hobby may sound strange to someone who is unaware of the enormous variety of finials extant, but believe me, it is a bottomless subject. I keep learning more about it every day. It is

absolutely fascinating."

Joan A----, a spinster of independent means in her 40s who collects hand-carved ivory miniatures: "Anybody can feel free to read whatever meanings he or she pleases into my hobby. I stopped worrying about that sort of thing years ago. I know this: When I take my collection out of the vault—yes, it's valuable enough to keep there—and spread it out and feast my eyes on it, I am the happiest and the richest person in the world at that moment."

Frank L----, a prison guard in his late 20s who collects weapons and specializes in World War II grenades: "You want my honest opinion? Those psychologists are a bunch of frustrated eggheads who don't know the fun of collecting because the only thing they ever collected was patients' neuroses."

Marlene N. S----, a housewife in her mid-30s who has collected doilies for the past 11 years: "Why must psychologists always find the most unpleasant reasons to account for any activity? If I were to help a crippled old lady across a busy street, they'd probably say that I did it in the hope of being left a large bequest in her will or else to demonstrate my physical superiority over her and make her feel envious."

George W----, in his 40s, a collector of old tools: "None of those so-called motivations applies to me. I collect old tools because I'm a carpenter. It's as simple as that."

The defense rests. □

THE CROW is the chimpanzee of the birds, at the top of the list in order of intelligence. A noted ornithologist once told me the crow was one bird he never worried about. It is too smart, too resourceful, too adaptable to be exterminated. It can take care of itself. If men were birds, few would be smart enough to be crows.

On the Kansas prairies, an or-

nearest telephone pole. There it would drop down to the ground at the base of the pole. A hawk always gets into position above its quarry and then dives downward like a thunderbolt in feathers.

When the hawk circled on one side of the pole, into position, the crow walked around the pole to the other side, putting the obstruction be-

THE BRAINY



nithologist once watched crows outwitting hawks. Characteristically, these black birds of the plains used a method that was individual and ingenious. In their region, trees are scarce. When a hawk appeared, the only protection in sight lay in such scanty man-made obstructions as telephone poles. But for the resourceful crow, that was enough.

As soon as it sighted a hawk, a crow would fly at top speed for the

tween itself and its enemy. Its eyes never left the circling hawk. As soon as the hawk shot through the air to a new point of attack, the crow shifted its stand at the base of the pole.

Never for an instant did it give the enemy a chance to catch it exposed and make a swoop. Thus, until the hawk conceded defeat, the singular life-and-death game continued—the hawk rushing on swift wings back and forth above the pole, the crow on

the ground walking around and around the base.

Crows are omnivorous. They eat corn and they rob birds' nests. But they also consume incalculable numbers of grubs and cutworms and grasshoppers and caterpillars.

Year in and year out, the controversial crow is a headline bird. It makes news. Its sagacity, its delight in practical jokes, its ability to mimic words, its commonness, its easily recognized appearance, its frequent acceptance of life as a pet, its mischievousness, its curiosity—all these make it renowned.

The resourcefulness of the crow is displayed during captivity by the playing of practical jokes.

There was a pet crow in northern Indiana whose day of sport was Monday. As soon as the farmer's wife had her washing hung out to dry, the crow would hop down from a tree, alight on the rope and walk its length, pulling out the clothespins with its bill and letting the shirts and sheets flutter to the ground. One muddy Monday, its enjoyment of this game came to an abrupt end.

Another pet crow had a different form of practical joking. It used to hide in a tree above a sidewalk. On summer evenings, as people passed below, it would drop down and sharply peck each bald head it saw.

One morning, when a crow owner was snapping pictures of the crow with a box camera, the telephone rang. When she returned to the camera, the portrait attachment, a small



auxiliary lens, was gone. For a quarter of an hour, she searched the yard and the porch until, finally, she discovered it where the crow had tucked it under a rug on the porch swing. All the while, the crow was bouncing up and down on a branch, cawing derisively, seemingly beside itself with merriment.

Anything shiny, like the auxiliary lens, has a particular attraction for a crow. One pet hid a farmer's spectacles, along with beads and coins and pieces of broken glass, on an upper rafter in a barn.

At Bear Mountain State Park, north of New York City, a favorite crow lost her freedom some years ago. She had developed the habit of flying down to parked automobiles and peering inside. If keys had been left in the ignition switch, she would jiggle them out and then hide the





shiny pieces of metal.

Of all the odd consequences of this delight of the crow in anything shiny, the most unusual is reported from Toledo, Ohio. Two pet crows named Barney and Bucky were kept in a basement during winter nights.

They had not been there long before the residents of the house began waking up in the morning in oppressive heat. The furnace, which had been shut off the night before, would be going full blast. Investigation revealed that the crows had been charmed by the red glare of the fire glimpsed through the small openings of the stopped-down draft. They had learned to push open the draft to enlarge these openings and thus increase the size and brilliance of the spots that delighted them.

Not infrequently, pet crows make special friendships with humans and with domestic animals. In one instance a pet crow followed a boy to school each day. It perched on the windowsill as long as its master remained in the room within. At the end of a period, when the boy moved to another room, the crow flew from window to window, peering in, until it caught sight of him. Then the crow waited patiently on the windowsill until the boy had to move again.

Combining its friendship for a collie with its enjoyment of a practical joke, Jim, a pet crow on a farm in Montana, some years ago used to make life miserable for a tomcat it disliked. The collie would chase the cat up a tree. Then the crow would

perch on a limb watching it. If it began to descend the tree, the bird would set up a loud alarm and the dog would come racing back again.

Some days, the dog and the crow engaged in a kind of race. They would begin walking along, side by side, going faster and faster. Each time, when the collie would begin to outdistance it, the crow would flap into the air and alight on its friend's back, riding until the dog stopped.

This crow learned half a dozen words; one of them it used as appropriately as if it understood the meaning. Late at night, when anyone stood under the tree in the front yard where the crow slept and called up, "Are you there, Jim?" the crow would call down "Yeeep!"

A crow can mimic words because, like the parrot, it has a complete set of voice muscles. This enables it to imitate the tones of the human voice, a performance particularly surprising in a bird that is associated, in the popular mind, at least, with a single harsh, cawing call.

The truth is, the calls of the crow are far more varied than is generally recognized. The birds, particularly in the mating season, produce soft, low, almost musical sounds.

It is, however, the loud, robust, far-carrying caw that everyone remembers. The sound is associated with empty winter cornfields and leafless woods, with the first green of March, with sultry summer woods—with all the year in the out-of-doors. □

All In Good Season

Drop in at this herb farm in Texas' Big Thicket country
and taste the spices of life



MADALENE HILL has been learning about herbs all her life. As a girl in a Kansas Amish community, she was taught that "sage will keep your hair dark, camomile will keep it light; wormwood is good for stuffing a goose, and dill belongs in sauerkraut."

Now Mrs. Hill and her husband, Jim, who have studied and grown herbs for years, are teaching others. They run Hilltop Herb Farm in southeastern Texas, about 55 miles north of Houston. The Hills raise 2,000 kinds of plants, and they do it

so well they're known around the world for it. To give visitors an unforgettable demonstration of their products, they also operate the Garden Room where, as Mrs. Hill puts it, "we serve the food of the world because we raise the seasonings of the world."

The pleasure of visiting Hilltop Herb Farm begins with the view: Texas' grand Big Thicket country, which was once a densely wooded wilderness of three million acres bounded by Shreveport, Louisiana, and Houston and Beaumont, Texas. This part of the East Texas Piney Woods is inhabited by such a variety

story and photos by Hugh Williamson

of plants and birds that a National Park Service report called it "the biological crossroads of America," comparable, because of its 60-inch annual rainfall, to tropical forests.

The Big Thicket has lost its identity as a vast, mysterious all-but-impenetrable rain forest, but sections of it retain their primeval integrity. One such section is the Sam Houston National Forest, which contains the herb farm.

The Hills started the farm 21 years ago, after leaving the big-city hustle of Houston. They planned to live quietly on their 13 acres, raising a few chickens and some gladioli. Mrs. Hill also happened to plant some herbs for her own use.

"Almost before the seeds started sprouting," she remembers, "neighbors were knocking at our door asking for basil, rosemary and oregano. At first we gave the herbs away, but when demand became too great for that, we found ourselves in business."

Part of the business became the development of recipes for herb jellies, vinegars, chutneys and such. Mrs. Hill sold these products, along with herbs, from her back porch. When this enterprise flourished, the Hills began using an 80-year-old log cabin near the house and stocked it with herbs and herb by-products.

News about the business traveled by word of mouth and by way of Mrs. Hill's wide acquaintance with other herbalists. As a member of the Herb Society of America, she corresponds

with other members and sells plants.

The message about their business has been widely received. A Dallas columnist wrote:

"When I was in New York exile for a few days, a spate of inquiries came in from people who want to visit the gardens. I first wrote about this 'yarb farm,' as some of the Hills' back-country neighbors call it, several years ago. Since then the farm has become one of the leading tourist attractions of the Sam Houston National Forest."

No end to the tide of guests is in sight. Here's a word for them: Take your walking shoes and arrive at 10 a.m. for a footpath tour of the gardens.

Mrs. Hill, who conducts these expeditions, is quick, articulate, knowledgeable and witty. She's trim, bespectacled, left-handed and dark-haired. (Does she or doesn't she use sage?)

The gardens are laid out with herbs and vegetables planted in attractive designs that are also part of a test of companion planting and pest control. "We use no chemicals," Mrs. Hill says. "We farm the way our ancestors farmed, and we know of no better way."

The stroll moves through the English Garden, the Wheel of Thyme, the Grey Garden, the Cutting Garden and the Vegetable Garden. Mrs. Hill points out that some plants can ward off pests: Tea mint, planted in a damp shady corner, repels mosquitoes; basil and tansy, scattered here and



there, guard against insects. Other plants draw the attention of helpful creatures: Pineapple salvia, for example, with its brilliant red blooms and fruit flavor, attracts hummingbirds.

As she walks, Mrs. Hill identifies and describes many of the plants. "Sweet basil," she may say, "is a native of the Mediterranean and the Orient. The Greeks and Romans crowned young married couples with it, and it is said to possess the gift of banishing madness." (She doesn't say whether that suggests a relationship between the two conditions.)

The uses of flowers, such as the Hills' 80 varieties of geraniums, in cooking may surprise many people. "Adding flower fragrances to desserts has long been done," Mrs. Hill says, "but the qualities of scented geraniums are little understood. Jim

and I have experimented with various scented geraniums in vinegars, wines, jellies, tisanes [a beverage made from dried flowers] and marinades for the game that abounds in the forest. And we enjoyed them all, I might add."

Chances are you'll see Mr. Hill in one of the gardens. He knows all the plants' histories and their uses in medicinal preparations as well as their culinary uses.

"This is rosemary," he told us, "the oldest known herbal seasoning. It was growing outside the manger where Christ was born. The poor people didn't have gold or frankincense to bring the 'newborn King,' so they broke sprigs of rosemary and placed them there in reverence."

All this walking, conversation and fresh air engenders monstrous appetites, so the visitors happily enter the Garden Room. The Hills opened this restaurant after they discovered that many people who bought herbs at the farm didn't know how to use them. So they enlarged an old chicken brooder and converted it into a dining room where they served Thursday luncheons to 20 guests at a time and followed up the meals with talks on herbal seasonings. Now the Hills' schedule includes Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday luncheons as well as a Sunday buffet—with as many as 200 guests at each meal. And it's best to make reservations a month ahead.

The Garden Room is huge and sunny, its decor enlivened by

bunches of herbs flanked by fragrant geraniums, vines, trees and hanging baskets of ferns and begonias. The menu? There is none. Guests eat whatever is served on that particular day.

A typical lunch begins with a hot soup of fragrant herbs blended in a chicken stock base, or perhaps with a vermouth-flavored bean soup. Loaves of freshly baked whole wheat or soy bread are brought to each table, along with pitchers of a soothing iced tea blended of peppermint, camomile, agrimony, yerba maté, linden, elder, marigold, hops, rose hips, thyme, rosemary, comfrey, borage, sweet woodruff, curly mint, lemon balm and java dogwood.

Next comes a salad of fresh greens, pine nuts, cottage cheese and almonds coated with a subtle dressing. The main course is fresh vegetables and chicken, each cooked separately before being combined with a creamy sauce redolent with herbs. After a dessert of cold apricot frappé, finger bowls with floating lemon verbena appear. Ninety per cent of the fare is grown at Hilltop.

Here is the recipe for Chicken with Rosemary, one of Mrs. Hill's favorites:

2½-pound fryer chicken
1 small onion
1 clove garlic
Few sprigs parsley
1 rib celery
2 tablespoons salad oil
½ teaspoon basil
1 teaspoon rosemary
1 tablespoon wine vinegar

¼ cup sherry

Split the chicken in half, chop vegetables; heat oil. Add chicken and vegetables to oil. Cook over medium heat until chicken is browned. Add herbs and wine vinegar with sherry. If omitting sherry, increase wine vinegar to ¼ cup. Cover pan and simmer over low heat until chicken is done, about 20 minutes. Serves four.

Mrs. Hill has this encouraging word for all who want to cook with herbs: "There's no mystery about it. Just start using herbs. But don't use so much your family thinks there is cough syrup in the gravy."

Hilltop Herb Farm is a little west of the town of Cleveland, off Farm Road 1725. "If you are lost," Mrs. Hill advises, "call us or tie a note on the first armadillo you see. They all come to our farm."

Probably to smell—or eat—the geraniums. □



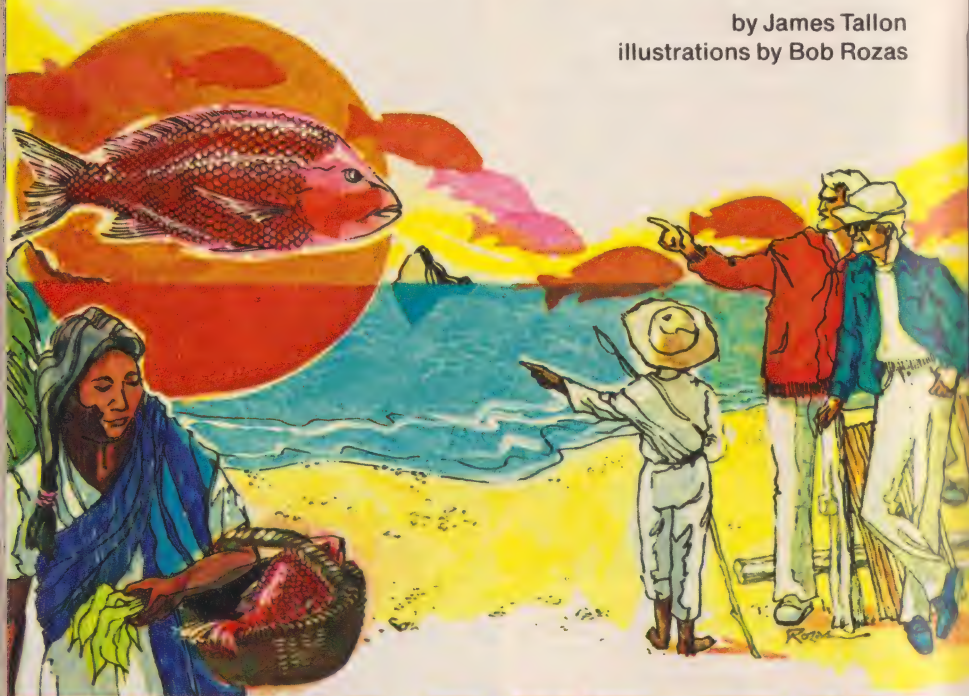
IBELIEVE the whole madness started when my wife, Vicki, and I ate red snapper fillets on Fisherman's Landing in San Diego. "This has to be the best fish I have ever eaten," she said. And I, a fisherman by peculiarity and a fish-eater by deviation from my norm, agreed that it was good.

The madness was nurtured and

brought to maturity at Puerto de Lobos, a tiny Mexican fishing village constructed of flotsam and jetsam on the coast of the Sea of Cortez in the state of Sonora. The litter-free beaches north and south of the village, the unpolluted salt air and the solitude are strong attractions in themselves. But here are watery Elysian Fields where species are

by James Tallon

illustrations by Bob Rozas



THE SEARCH FOR **LOST RED**

counted in the hundreds and most of them provide super fun and superior table fare. Among them, red snapper.

For the past decade I have been wetting lines in the Sea of Cortez (Gulf of California) at Puerto de Lobos. Six or so years ago I hooked a hard-puller that had a different fight style. Special care and a light drag were paying off until a lemon shark snipped off four-fifths of the fish, leaving me nothing but the head. Now, I have been robbed by sharks before, so the incident didn't bother me until I beached the remains of the fish and saw that it was—er, had been—a red snapper. Intact, it must have weighed at least eight pounds. A keeper for sure.

Well, I had some choice words for the shark, and when I saw it, a four-footer, cruising in the crystal waters looking for seconds, I thrashed the surface with my surf rod and shouted, "I could have pleased a nice lady with that fish." Then I rationalized that no doubt this shark was a cut above its brethren. No garbage eater it, but a real gourmet. Heck, sharks have to eat, too.

Six months later several of us were back at Puerto de Lobos for some more finny action. In the back of my mind, red snappers doggedly hung on. We were setting up camp when a

Mexican fisherman staggered by, bent under a stringer of heavyweight (you guessed it) red snapper.

"Por favor, Señor," I said in Spanish fractured by a Kentucky accent. "Ah... donde... pez... fundar?"

He understood, and pointed to the open seas. Then he returned in good English, "They come from a reef, Señor. You put that mountain with that mountain and go one Mexican mile." Lining up the two mountain peaks was simple enough, but the term "Mexican mile" scared me. I learned years ago that a Mexican *minute* can be any amount of time from a few seconds to several hours.

George White was my fishing partner then. We launched my 14-foot fiberglass fishing boat and ran northwesterly until the aforementioned peaks blended into one. With them at our back, we skimmed across calm seas, hell-bent for the red snapper reef. We guess-timated the Mexican mile and dropped a pair of lead-headed, plastic skirted jigs—known winners—over the side. Instantly, we hooked a pair of heavy, rod-bending, reel-screaming fish. We muscled them into the boat. Pintos, marvelous fighters and excellent food fish. George was dumbfounded when I shook mine off the hook and back into the sea. Two

SNAPPER REEF

more back-breakers tried to pull us overboard. Pintos again. And again I released mine. George shook his head. Soon, two more fish had grabbed it. This time, sand bass.

"George," I said. "We're in the wrong place."

"Wrong place?" George echoed. "The way these fish are biting, it looks like the *right* place to *me*!"

I held up one of George's pintos. "Does that look like a red snapper?" I asked.

"No..." he started.

"See," I said, and shot the gas to the 40-horse engine.

A strong current had pushed us southeasterly and we had to backtrack to line up our mountain peaks. That accomplished, I throttled us another quarter-mile out to sea. We sent our lures to the bottom there and WHOLLOP, YANK—we had two more heavy fish. George jumped for joy. "What action!" he shouted. We decked more pintos, then cabrillas, one mackerel, a small grouper, lots of sand bass, a couple of flounder types and some triggerfish. This latter, though scorned by many fishermen as a bait-stealer, is a fine food fish, and a five-pounder fights like a 15- or 20-pound freshwater fish. I got one in that class, unhooked it and let it slide back into the water. "You...you...you let it go," said a stunned George.

"Was that a red snapper, George?" I asked.

"That wasn't a red snapper," he said, humoring me. He thought I was

crazy. We crisscrossed the seas, repeatedly lining up the key peaks and trying to travel the Mexican mile.

That evening we beached the boat in a lagoon, and George dragged his heavy catch, chattering something about "the ultimate fishing hole" and chortling, "Baby, here's a hundred bucks on today's market. Boy, are we gonna eat fish."

I turned to the sea and cried, "Curse you, red snapper!"

On our next trip to Lobos, we were pinned to the beach by a *chubasco* (strong wind). It lambasted us for three of the four days we were there. Day four was relatively windless, but the seas were still riled. It was no place for a small boat. We surf-fished and caught some fine corvina, corbina, white sea bass and leatherjackets. But you can bet I was thinking about red snapper.

Frank Johnson and his wife accompanied us on our next trip to Puerto de Lobos. I had told him about Lost Red Snapper Reef. Like us, they were lovers of fresh fish and they knew about the goodness of red snapper. Frank was almost as enthusiastic as I. But to my consternation, I could not remember which two mountain peaks to line up. We saw a Mexican youth turning over seaside boulders for rock oysters and asked for directions. He chewed on a knuckle and studied the mountain range. Then he suddenly grinned and made a selection.

We were a bit uneasy because the youth had deliberated so long before

making his choice. We were afraid he might simply be trying to appear knowledgeable—and sending us on a wild-goose (or wild-red snapper) chase as a result. “If only he hadn’t chewed on a knuckle,” I muttered as we climbed in our boat.

Again, we guessed the Mexican mile, shut off the engine and let our lures settle into the Sea of Cortez. It was almost a repeat of the day with George White. Frank was delirious with the fast-paced fishing; I was preoccupied with red snapper. Whenever our rods stopped rebounding and our reels stopped singing, it was just a matter of running up-current until the peaks were in line again. Then, more fish struck fiercely.

“This is killing me,” groaned Frank, “and I love every minute of it.” He unhooked another big pinto and sat down.

“How many fish have you caught and released?” I asked.

“Holy cow, at least a hundred,” he said, as he rummaged in his tackle box. He produced a small flask.

“Have you ever had better fishing?” I continued.

“Heck, no,” he said, passing the flask to me. “Have you?”

“No better reef fishing,” I said, taking a swig.

Slowly, very slowly, I was waking up. In pursuit of red snapper I had discovered some superior sportfishing. The wildness, the madness, wasn’t all bad, once I began to rationalize. I remembered a bit from

a Robert Service poem:

There’s gold, and its haunting and haunting;

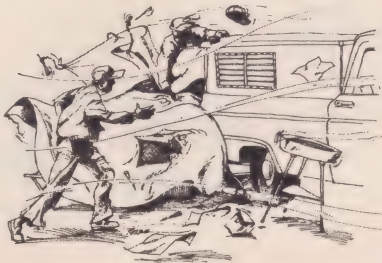
It’s luring me on as of old;

*Yet it isn’t the gold that I’m wanting
So much as just finding the gold.*

A few trips later, almost anticlimactically, I caught some red snappers. But not at the elusive red snapper reef. The sun had flamed out, and I was surf-fishing in the rocky lagoon north of Lobos. The fish were great shredders of monofilament line, and we didn’t land all we hooked. But we got some dandies.

I was tickled, and my wife was, too, when she saw them. She froze them, and a few weeks later we had a fish fry. I squeezed lemon on a steaming, savory-smelling chunk and ate it with unusual relish. “Someday,” I said, “I will find Lost Red Snapper Reef and catch all of these I want.”


“We had some other fish in the freezer and I cooked them up, too,” Vicki said, looking over the top of her glasses. “You are eating triggerfish.” □



**Like the Model T,
the Fiesta represents the perfection
of an existing formula. The transverse-
engine, front-wheel-drive configuration
pioneered by other European cars is refined
by the Fiesta until it affords both the versatility
and comfort Americans demand in any small-car alternative.**

**- Car and Driver
April 1978**





by Ray Newman

FIESTA

Voted 'Most Significant New Import'

ONE TEST DRIVE should do it. One test drive should show you why *Car and Driver* readers voted Fiesta "Most Significant New Import" in the magazine's 1978 Readers' Choice poll.

About 10,000 readers marked the ballot that came with their December issue and mailed it in. In announcing the results of the poll, *Car and Driver* had this to say: "By choosing the Fiesta, you—the readers—have sent a message to anyone who'll listen that cars oozing mass-transit drabness will always lose to those with spirit, all other factors being equal. Since the Fiesta does equal or surpass the requirements for a virtuous, civil car, the fire in its four-cylinder heart tipped the scales."

For buyers looking for performance and handling, here are some of the qualities Fiesta has to offer:

- Front-wheel-drive traction—to help even when driving on ice and snow.
- Quick acceleration—0 to 50 miles per hour in an average of 8.8 seconds in Ford tests (9.1 seconds for California emissions equipped models).
- Good braking—50 miles per hour to 0 in an average of

Fiesta with Ghia Group Option

3.3 seconds.

- Solid cornering.
- Stability for American freeways and turnpikes.
- Smooth maneuvering in urban traffic.

And if these characteristics aren't enough to make a driver smile, Fiesta's gas mileage ratings will: They're the highest mileage ratings offered by any American manufacturer, according to the Environmental Protection Agency's Mileage Guide (excluding diesels). Fiesta is rated at 46 miles per gallon (mpg) highway and 34 mpg city. In California: 43 mpg highway, 30 mpg city. Your actual mileage may vary, depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition and optional equipment.

Fiesta's powerteam consists of a transverse-mounted (sideways) 1.6-litre engine and a fully synchronized four-speed manual transaxle. A two-barrel Weber carburetor is precisely calibrated for proper fuel metering for more complete combustion, which gives the driver responsive action. The car's driveability is enhanced by rack-and-pinion steering for more precise control and a MacPherson strut front suspension system for improved directional stability. And Fiesta comes equipped with Michelin steel-belted radials.

Fiesta is engineered for roominess and comfort. The transverse-mounted engine and front-wheel drive reduce the transmission hump and driveshaft tunnel, creating a nearly flat floor that gives front and

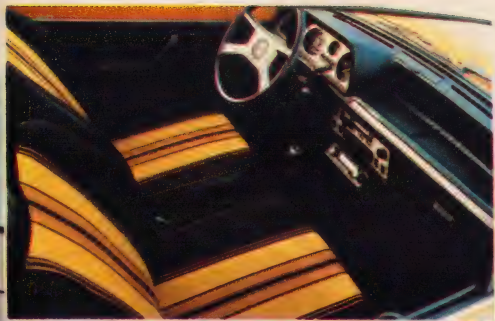
rear passengers plenty of usable leg room. In fact, Fiesta's unique four-passenger design creates more back seat leg room than that of any other imported or domestic car of its kind.

With the rear seat down, there's 29 cubic feet of cargo space. Even with the rear seat up, Fiesta has nearly seven cubic feet of usable luggage capacity. And the rear hatchback door extends down almost to the bumper for easy loading and unloading of groceries or luggage.

Fiesta also has many serviceability features that are unavailable on other cars in its size and price range. The clutch and brakes are self-adjusting, and the transmission, suspension, steering components and front-wheel bearings do not require scheduled maintenance. See-through containers allow quick day-to-day sight checks of battery, cooling system, brake and windshield washer fluid levels, while Fiesta's fuse box is conveniently located under the driver's side of the instrument panel.

The transverse-mounted-engine components are easy to reach for dealer or owner servicing (a do-it-yourself service guide is available for owners who like to do their own light repairs). In addition, owners have the advantage of a nationwide

Clockwise from top: Sport Group Option includes Cadiz cloth-and-vinyl upholstery; package tray is part of Decor Group Option; Fiesta three-door hatchback



network of more than 5,200 Ford dealerships coast to coast—more servicing convenience than is available for any other imported car.

Fiesta is offered in one model—a three-door hatchback—with four trim levels: standard, Decor, Sport and Ghia. In addition to the impressive array of standard functional equipment already described, Fiesta comes with high-back front bucket seats trimmed in all-vinyl upholstery, brushed aluminum instrument panel appliqué, carpeting on the passenger compartment floor and a concealed storage area under the load compartment floor.

For import buyers who want something more than the standard trim, the Fiesta Decor Group Option adds these comforts and conveniences: an electric rear window defroster, a package tray behind the rear seat, reclining low-back front bucket seats in houndstooth cloth-and-vinyl (or all-vinyl) upholstery, woodtone appliques on the instrument panel, padded door trim panels with large armrests and intermittent windshield wipers with electric windshield washers.

Fiesta's Sport Group Option is just the thing for buyers who demand the look, responsiveness and handling of an authentic performance car. This optional package starts with the notable features of the standard Fiesta and the Decor Group Option and adds several sporty essentials, including a tachometer and trip odometer, sports suspension system

with rear stabilizer bar and heavy-duty shock absorbers, and a sporty four-spoke steering wheel. Other features of the Sport Group are "S" bodyside tape stripes, bright wheel trim rings and bolts, Cadiz cloth-and-vinyl (or solid color all-vinyl) upholstery and extra-wide 4.5-inch wheels for the 145 SRx12 BSW Michelin steel-belted radial-ply tires.

Import buyers who prefer an extra measure of luxury will find the richly appointed Fiesta with Ghia Group Option to be most welcome news. The luxury begins with many of the features of the standard Fiesta, the Decor Group Option and the Sport Group Option. Then, to provide a level of elegance not normally found in small cars, come finishing touches like these: Ghia Group sound insulation package, carpeted package tray, velour cloth upholstery, Ghia door trim panels with large armrests and door storage pockets, loop-pile carpeting on the passenger compartment floor, roof-mounted grab handles and seat back assist straps and map pockets.

To further personalize Fiesta, a host of other options are available. These include air conditioning, a flip-up open-air roof, rear window wiper/washer, ClearCoat metallic paint, cast aluminum road wheels and power front disc brakes. □

Ford swept the Car and Driver readers' poll. In addition to Fiesta's win, Fairmont was voted "Most Significant New American Car."



BY NATALIE LEVY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY AL LEVY

LIKE many a fad, it faded, but it still left the countryside richer than many a success. Great handsome barns built round instead of rectangular are more than architecture in harmony with the rural landscape. Their bold ingenuity and fine craftsmanship are a combination that

we like to think of as an American tradition.

The round barn phenomenon arose out of the 19th century farmer's quest for more efficient operation. Theorizing that a circle enclosed a maximum amount of floor space with a minimum of wall, he hoped a circu-



The Aardes home in Wisconsin

lar building would simplify feeding and milking his herds and cleaning up. With the animals shoehorned into wedge-shaped stalls, they could be fed from a great central trough swiftly filled with hay forked down from the middle of the second level storage floor, and manure could be removed with one brisk sweep of the peripheral track. Things didn't work out quite that "rosily," though the vogue for circular barns persisted for over a hundred years.

In practice, the farmer discovered that curved surfaces made the structure more complicated, and thus more expensive, and that this expense outweighed the minor increase in space. Round barns proved hard to heat and light; handling hay on an overhead track was difficult, and the wedge-shaped stalls weren't quite suited to oblong-shaped animals.

Today, people who buy or inherit farms with round barns either love them or loathe them. There is seldom

a middle ground. Selena Gerig of Pasturebrook Farm, Indiana, cherishes the freshly painted, lovingly maintained 72-foot-diameter barn her father built of 12-inch walnut beams and wooden pegs at the turn of the century. The barn still brims with the Gerigs' hay harvest. But across the county lives a farmer who periodically threatens to do away with his circular barn. Since he bought his farm in 1958, he complains, the barn has developed a disconcerting sag to leeward, thus endangering the expensive machinery it contains. But he also knows the barn is a choice specimen of a vanishing breed of antique.

The round barn was born in New England and given its main impetus by the Shakers' zest for productivity. Their most spectacular version (shown in photograph on previous page) was begun in 1826, rebuilt in 1865 after a fire and restored in 1968. It is 270 feet in circumference, 21 feet high and has 3½-foot-thick walls, and it may be seen at the Hancock (Massachusetts) Shaker Community Preservation.

Although most of the specimens still standing are not museum pieces but working barns, occasionally someone converts one into an enchanting home, as did the Robert Aardes of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

Almost every state has a few cylindrical barns, with the greatest number in Pennsylvania and Indiana. The Hoosier state had well over 150, some of them built almost a hundred

years after the initial Yankee models. In 1970, Fulton County, Indiana, alert to its unique concentration of 15 round barns, decided to celebrate its riches with a three-day festival the second weekend in July (the 6th through 9th this year). Since the first Round Barn Festival, slow decay, fires and a tornado or two have reduced the number somewhat. All the more reason to seek out the remainder.

Visitors fan out from the courthouse square in the Fulton County seat of Rochester, known as the Round Barn Capital of the United States. In special tour buses, or their cars, they explore the county's round barns.

In a 30-mile swing, there are many geometric variations—octagons and hexagons, ellipses, full circles and half circles, and one that is even a circle and a half. They range in diameter from 40 feet (a nice size for the family's riding horses) to 72 feet

(enjoyed by a large herd of hogs and some 4-H project calves).

The majority are red with dun-colored roofs, but a few are white with roofs shingled in green. Various barns are bisected with driveways, adorned with cupolas or punctuated by varied window arrangements.

Bill Cox of Henry Township says on windy days he can look up into the bell-like crown of his barn and see it flex like a circus tent. Chunks of sky are visible through his barn's roof, yet at the hint of moisture in the air the cedar shingles swell (as intended) and the barn is tight and dry in a rainstorm—testimony to the builders' alchemy with wood.

Back at Rochester's courthouse (the town is 45 miles south of South Bend), round barn festival-goers are revived with a ham-and-bean supper, homemade noodles and farm-fresh chicken cooked out of doors in great iron kettles, a convivial repast reminiscent of old-time barn-raising suppers.

The day is topped with square dancing, horseshoe pitching, displays of homemade crafts, country food and a flea market.

Despite their flaws, these pleasingly plump structures are worth a moment's pause on a traveler's journey for a look or for a photograph. They are monuments to their makers' understanding of wood, to their prodigious capacity for labor and to their excellence in workmanship that was second nature—and second to none. □

The Brucker barn in Indiana





“DUCKY PAUL,
I LOVE YOU”

by Victoria Furman

illustrations by David Johnston

DUCKS came into my life during World War II, when food was scarce. My husband and I lived in an old farmhouse outside Scotch Plains, New Jersey, and had to drive 12 miles round-trip for supplies, a serious situation with rationed gas. We grew our own vegetables, but meat, for which precious coupons were needed, was a problem. Indeed, it became a rare luxury.

"We have a good spring-fed pond out back," my husband said. "Why don't we raise some ducks to eat?"

The thought became action. The next afternoon a farmer arrived with a crate, opened it at the pond and unleashed a cacophony of quacks and six rather scrawny white ducks. While they flapped about nervously, he said, "Them's your Pekins, all I can spare. I'll leave you a bag o' feed for 'em."

We stared at the ducks as they approached the water. "They certainly don't look like a juicy steak," I remarked.

But within a week, we ate the first duck, stuffed with apple dressing and roasted to a crisp brown. A delicious treat. My husband built the ducks a snug little house with a fenced-in yard where we penned them at night, safe from raccoons. Our venture was a success, we decided, and we hoped to get more ducks.

We had feasted on two more ducks when disaster struck. While we were working in our Victory Garden, terrifying squawks came from the pond. Dropping rake and hoe, we ran to it.

Near the far north shore a duck was thrashing wildly, its wings beating helplessly. My husband hopped into our small rowboat and was off in seconds, but before he could reach it, the duck was gone, leaving only faint ripples on the water. I watched my husband peer into the dark water and poke about with an oar, but no duck.

We penned the remaining two ducks. Then, baffled and saddened, we telephoned the farmer.

"Most likely you got a snappin' turtle out there," he said. "You better catch it, if you want to keep ducks."

This is what he said to do: "First you drive a long stake into the pond with the end at a 45-degree angle about two feet above the surface. On the end of the stake you hang a piece of raw meat, and when the turtle leaps for the meat, you shoot the critter." We fixed the bait exactly as he had directed.

We watched all Sunday, my husband armed with a shotgun, but no turtle rose to the bait, nor did one the following week. So we let the ducks, a hen and a drake, loose, deciding that whatever had caught the one was now gone. The two Pekins raced for their beloved water to take long, satisfying baths.

It was at this time my husband was "loaned" by his company to the army and sent to Washington. Now I was all by myself with little gasoline, a blacked-out house at night and no neighbors within

screaming distance.

In the daytime, a volunteer war job kept me busy, but the early evening hours, when my husband used to come home, were pretty bad. I fell into the habit of sitting by the pond on a bench, watching the ducks after I gave them their mash, corn and water. Until now, they'd simply been two birds with a future in my oven, but soon they became distinct personalities. The drake, plump and glossy-feathered, was passionately devoted to the female, a smaller shy bird. They were never apart, and I named them Paul and Virginia after the famous pastoral lovers from French literature.

One day Paul strutted over to me, arched his neck, and without any warning, flew into my lap. "What do you think you're doing?" I exclaimed, which sent him scampering down. I got over my surprise and held out a handful of corn. After some tentative peckings, Paul grabbed all of it. His mate wanted none of this familiarity and ate her corn at a distance.

This was the beginning of the love affair between Paul and me. When I called his name, he would paddle over to me and rub his beak along my legs. He flew onto my lap every evening and poked around for pieces of bread or celery I had hidden in my pockets. When he found his treats, he nibbled them with happy little noises. Sometimes, he would then settle down with a totally trusting air, tucking his head into the crook of my

elbow, and I would pat his head, warm my fingers in the incredibly soft down of his breast and whisper, "Ducky Paul, I love you."

Virginia loved Paul, too. She squatted nearby until her lover returned, when she always pecked him—whether in jealousy or pleasure I don't know. These two ducks became my dear friends and good company in the dark war days. I knew I could never eat them even if sparing them meant I had to go on a diet of dried beans.

One evening, I found Paul by the house, spluttering in a way that told me something was wrong. He would back away, then rush up to bite my fingers. I wondered: Why isn't Virginia with him? I became uneasy.

"Come on, Paul," I cried, rushing to the pond with him half-flying, half-running beside me.

Virginia was nowhere in sight. Not in the water, nor on the banks, nor in their house. I looked everywhere. Darkness had crept over the pond when I finally put Paul in his empty house and returned to my own empty house. With no signs of her for two days, I faced the truth that dear, gentle Virginia was gone forever, probably attacked by that monster still lurking in the pond. I kept Paul securely penned in his yard.

Days later, a friend caught the turtle for me in a trap that resembled an oversized trash burner. It took two men to lift it ashore. I shuddered when I saw the turtle's ugly head with wicked saw-toothed jaws and

fierce beady eyes glaring with hatred at the world as it hissed and clawed. No little duck stood a chance with this beast. The friend took it to a wildlife museum.

Now Paul had the freedom of the pond. But he didn't want it. From an exuberant, aggressive drake he turned into a lethargic bird with no

appetite, sitting forlornly on the shore. His beautiful coat became dirty and scraggly. Watching him grow thin and dull-eyed, I marveled that a duck could grieve in this manner. But he did.

One day when he squatted by the kitchen door, I let him come inside and fed him bread soaked in milk.



After that he was a regular visitor and would follow me from stove to refrigerator, quacking companionably and nipping at my legs. If I sat down, Paul nestled cosily in my lap, like a cat. But I knew he still missed Virginia. I wondered if another hen might replace Virginia, but I hesitated to get one because I hoped to leave soon to join my husband.

One sunny Indian summer afternoon, I was sitting on the side lawn of the house with Paul nearby. He waddled over to the house where a cellar window was ground level. Suddenly his neck shot out toward the window and, with a rush of wings, he scuttled closer to it. He pecked at the glass, his beak tattooing on the panes. I went to see what he was after and there, reflected in the dusty panes, was the clear image of a duck.

"Paul, that's you!" I laughed and scratched his head.



Paul talked to the reflection and even strutted a bit. I was glad to see him having some fun, and that evening he ate all his food for the first time since Virginia left him. I felt so happy.

Paul started a daily routine of scuttling first thing to the window in a half-flying gait, eager to get to his friend. He would cock his head on one side and stare intently at the glass. If the companion was there, Paul made duck talk and groomed himself, oiling and smoothing each feather to a satiny sleekness. If no friend appeared on a cloudy day, Paul usually took a long nap with his head under a wing, looking like a puff of whipped cream.

He still followed me about, but wasn't so dependent on me, for he had his precious friend to talk to. And what an obliging friend, who did everything he did!

When I got word that I could rejoin my husband, I rented our old house to a couple who agreed to take good care of Paul. And while I was gone, I liked to think it was Virginia's spirit in the window, there to love and comfort Paul.

When we could at last return to our home, I found Paul on the pond. He swam in, plump and sassy, and pecked my hand while he shook water over me.

"Ducky Paul, I'm so glad to see you," I said and told myself that of course he knew me. That evening, he was back on my lap again. □

THE 1978 FORD LTD has a lot going for it—a lot, in fact, that its major competition doesn't offer.

This family-size car with seating for six adults has some of the roomiest interior dimensions in the industry.

What's more, LTD's trunk boasts a total of 22.6 cubic feet plus a deep-well design, high-quality trunk mat and low liftover height, making it easy to lift suitcases, sporting equipment and packages in and out.

Ford is the only automobile com-

LTD Landau four-door pillared hardtop in dark midnight blue with matching vinyl roof



THE FORD LTD

It's roomy, strong,
comfortable and good-looking
by Cara L. Kazanowski



LTD wagon with trailer-towing package option

Easy loading with Three-Way Magic Doorgate



pany among the Big Three currently selling a hardtop and wagon that, when properly equipped, have an available trailering package rated to tow a trailer weighing up to 7,000 pounds. That's good news for the more than 1.3 million car-owning families who have purchased new travel trailers during the past five years.

More good news for trailer towers: The optional 7.5-litre (460 CID) 4V V-8 is still available. Ford's Heavy-Duty Trailer Package includes heavy-duty suspension, trailer-towing axle and wiring harness, externally mounted transmission air cooler, heavy-duty battery, radiator and alternator and 6.5-inch-wide wheels.

The total 1978-model lineup is a well-rounded one, with two- and four-door pillared hardtops in the LTD and LTD Landau series, and LTD and LTD Country Squire station wagons.

LTD's power train availability is the broadest of any Ford car. Except with California emission equipment, the standard engines are a 5.0-litre (302 CID) 2V V-8 for hardtops and a 5.8-litre (351 CID) 2V V-8 for station wagons. Two optional V-8s are available: a 6.6-litre (400 CID) 2V and the 7.5-litre.

LTD's wide range of standard features includes power steering, power front disc brakes, Select-Shift

Cruise-O-Matic transmission, steel-belted radial-ply tires, power ventilation, front bumper guards and a large, bin-type glove box.

In addition to the outstanding standard LTD features, LTD Landau adds: knit cloth/vinyl flight bench front seat, deluxe door trim, color-keyed deluxe belts, electric clock, trunk light and rear-door courtesy lights on the four-door Landau. The Landau also has concealed headlamps, color-keyed bodyside moldings and a vinyl roof (half-vinyl roof on the two-door). Wheel covers, a left-hand remote control mirror and rear bumper guards are other LTD Landau features.

Thanks to their utility and versatil-



Breathable, easy-to-clean
DuraWeave vinyl trim

ity, the LTD and LTD Country Squire station wagons remain two of the car line's strongest sellers.

The wagons seat eight with optional dual-facing rear seats and provide 94.6 cubic feet of storage space—the largest cubic capacity in the industry—with the rear seats down.

The standard lockable, underfloor storage compartment provides an additional 9.1 cubic feet on six-passenger models and 7.3 cubic feet with the dual-facing rear seat option which now includes new removable seat cushions. Another option to get more load space is the separate, lockable left quarter-panel storage area of 1.8 cubic feet.

More wagon "Better Ideas" include the trend-setting Three-Way Magic Doorgate, pushbutton seat conversion, spare tire extractor and

upholstery in optional DuraWeave, the vinyl fabric that looks, feels and breathes like cloth.

All LTD's also offer a broad spectrum of optional equipment, including six-way power seats, four-wheel power disc brakes and a new control system for the optional Automatic Temperature Control which allows the driver to regulate more precisely the heating/cooling function and blower speed. You also may choose from six audio options, including several offered only by Ford—the AM/FM stereo search radio and AM/FM stereo radio with quad-rasonic eight-track tape player.

Owning an LTD is less costly this year than in the past, with scheduled maintenance costs estimated at only \$167 for the first 50,000 miles versus \$557 for a 1974 model, both equipped with a 5.8-litre engine and automatic transmission. You can now go 12 months or 7,500 miles between scheduled oil changes and 30,000 miles between lubrications. Computations are based on Ford's Labor Time Standards, the average hourly service labor rate and manufacturer's suggested retail parts prices. □

Front cornering lamps
light your way around dark corners



Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

Rubbing Abe's Nose



by John W. Duckworth
illustrations by Gil DiCicco

That was the
traditional bid for good
luck by visitors at
Lincoln's Tomb, so the
bronze bust was raised
and...

IT WAS SUMMER of 1969, and I, like countless other students all over the country, had just returned home from school. Home was Springfield, Illinois, and that year I considered myself to be especially fortunate, for I had landed a summer job as part of the maintenance crew at Lincoln's Tomb. Not only was I getting good pay, but I also had a pleasant outdoor job in a very beautiful place.

It was with great relief that I turned out of the morning traffic one day and headed towards the main gate of Oak Ridge Cemetery. I slowed to 15 miles an hour as I passed through the gate. Ahead, I could see

a familiar glimmer of gold shining through the green.

You can see Abe's resting place just as you come through the gate, a few hundred yards ahead, down a shady road and across a grassy sunlit field, surrounded by great old oak trees. As I would every day that summer, I took the short drive down the bending road, past the neatly kept graves and monuments and past the tomb of a long-forgotten governor of Illinois that so many tourists stop to see because of its Gothic appearance.

I passed Mr. Lincoln's tomb and the house of the tomb custodian (a



gaunt, grayish old fellow to be wary of, who guarded his position with great jealousy), drove around the hedgerow in the middle of the parking lot and stopped in my usual place—a shady spot, to be sure, for in Springfield July days are long and hot. It was only ten minutes to eight, so I sat back in the seat to take a few minutes of ease before beginning the daily routine.

At eight o'clock, I walked to the garage, got a paper-sticker and pail and began to work my way over to the shady walkway in front of the custodian's house, hidden away beneath the imposing old oaks. The sun was just about at the tree tops now, but it was always cool in the shade of the morning, and the sunbeams were pleasantly warm.

A scrap of paper here and another there and I was past the house and its big trees. In only a few more steps I was in front of Lincoln's Tomb. It rests there on its little green mound, surrounded on three sides by oak trees and well-tended shrubbery: a square gray building set amid the green and lit by the morning sun, its great obelisk glistening in the deep blue sky of an Illinois summer.

I made my way along the path, stabbing shreds of litter here and there. Not many, for though they come in the thousands every day during the summer, Americans are very careful about this resting place of one of the most revered men in history. There was still an hour before the tomb opened to the public, but al-

ready, as every morning, many early-rising tourists were up and about taking pictures of the outside of the tomb, climbing the stairs to the top of the tomb and just admiring the natural beauty of the place.

The sun edged higher above the green line of the tree tops, and the first mild heat of the day made itself felt.

There is always a little dusting and shining up to do inside before opening up Abe's tomb for the day. I hid my pail and litter-sticker behind some shrubbery and walked towards the bronze door of the tomb. Just a few yards before the door, there stands a bust of Abraham Lincoln. It rests upon a stone pedestal about five feet high. It is no ordinary bust, for the first thing you notice about it is the nose, which shines in the summer sun like a beam of golden light.

In fact, if you know where to look, you can see Abe's nose shining even as you drive through the front gate of the cemetery, for it is the source of the golden glimmer through the green: Abe's nose has been polished smooth by the caresses of countless little hands of generations of American children from all over the country who have rubbed it for good luck.

All summer long, you can scarcely glance in the direction of the bust without seeing a small child, held up by a parent, stretching a little hand to old Abe's nose and adding luster to it. This quaint custom has been observed not only by millions of American children, but by parents



and Presidents as well. There are great-grandparents who have watched their descendants rub the shiny bronze nose that they themselves once rubbed when it was new. There is not a corner of the globe that has not sent its visitors to Abraham Lincoln's Tomb, and when these travelers go home, they must tell their friends: "If you ever go to see Lincoln's Tomb in Springfield, Illinois, be sure to rub Abe's nose for luck."

I added my own bit of luster and tended to my work inside.

Things went along like this for months. Then one day, when the weather was colder and fewer tourists were around, a large truck drove slowly up the road towards the tomb; it had a crane attached to it. The truck drove right up to the front of the tomb, just in front of the bust, and parked. It was a somewhat unusual and ugly intrusion on a lovely, quiet place.

A short time later, another large truck parked next to the first truck. In its flat bed was a large gray stone about two feet tall.

After a few minutes, the old gray curator appeared out of nowhere and began giving directions to several workmen who had come with the trucks. It soon became evident what their purpose was: It would not be long before Abe's shiny nose would be out of reach of "grubby little hands"—and Presidents' hands, too, for that matter.

To the astonishment of everyone

present, the bust and its pedestal were hoisted by the crane, the large stone was slipped underneath and Abe was put out of reach, removed from the people, you might say.

I later asked the curator what the reason for this change had been and pointed out the obvious fact that people would no longer be able to rub Abe's nose and keep it shiny. A custom would be gone.

"Exactly," he said. "It's about time that somebody did something to preserve the dignity of Abraham Lincoln. Disrespect like that won't be tolerated anymore."

It was beyond me how this man, who was very knowledgeable about Lincoln and had even written articles about him, could have believed that this American custom was disrespectful. Could he even believe that Abe Lincoln, himself, would have taken offense at having his nose rubbed for luck, and mostly by children? After all, Lincoln's love of children and his sense of humor were two of his most admired and legendary qualities. He was a man of the people, completely.

Considering this, I didn't think that Abraham Lincoln would have minded having that bronze nose being shined by every American within rubbing distance. In fact, I thought that given the chance to do so, he would give it a vigorous rub, himself, and come up with a good joke to go along with it.

Most Americans wouldn't feel inclined to rub for luck the nose on a

bust of the ever-formal George Washington, because we preserve the personalities of the great men we honor. That is why we stand in front of the bust of Abraham Lincoln before his tomb and reach up a hand to rub his nose for luck: We know that in spirit it is smiling back at us with pleasure. In view of this, it was a fine old custom. Nevertheless, it was finished.

The bronze nose, now elevated, soon lost its luster. The golden glimmer faded into a dull glow and then disappeared altogether under the green patina. The inviting warmth of Abe's face was gone, replaced by a metallic gaze that seemed sad when looked at from below.

In the years thereafter, one seldom saw a hand reaching forth to rub Abe's nose for luck. It was simply far beyond reach for most. This situation brought about an irony: The decision to put Abe's nose beyond the reach of adults had almost completely limited the nose to the hands of small children. For every now and then, a tall father would lift his child as high as he could, and the child would stretch a little hand to the utmost and just reach the nose for a little rub. Though there was no longer a shine to keep up, and indeed no indication that Abe's nose had ever shone, it was in this way that the custom was carried on.

The better part of a decade went by. During that time, I finished college and received a bachelor's degree in history, and later flew as a

pilot in the U.S. Air Force both at home and in all the countries of Southeast Asia. During that time, I read the books of some of the great defenders of Western democracy, but not until later did it occur to me that most of these men had a common attribute: They did not believe themselves to be great! In spite of their own achievements, of which they were certainly aware, some of them even rejected the idea outright. They knew that only history could make that decision.

Abe Lincoln never regarded himself as being anything more than a common man. We can have no doubt that if he had been asked where his nose ought to have been, he would have said: "Right down there with the rest of them."

Well, he always was with us, and he is again. The wishes of the people of Springfield and of tourists from all over America finally convinced officials to bring Abe's nose back down where it had been for so many years. Once again within the reach of adults and children alike, it has regained its luster and shines today as brightly as it ever did in the past.

If you ever visit the resting place of Abraham Lincoln in Springfield, you will see that shiny nose as you drive through the gates of Oak Ridge Cemetery. As you do, remember that, like the nose on Abe's bust, the memories and ideals of great men are kept brightly polished and alive only by keeping them in touch with the rest of us. □



You're forced to look inward in this barren, vast and beautiful grassland

THE FLINT HILLS lope alongside the Far West like an outlaw.

They're in east Kansas, in the middle of what should be farmland but isn't. They're in cow country. Toward Missouri, the land is sown in corn and wheat and milo; off the Hills' western flank stretches the broad Kansas wheat belt. The Flint Hills are an island belonging to the cattleman. They are broad and empty, by conventional standards at least, a rolling, tree-bare carpet of big and little bluestem grasses. Horizons expand to 10, 15, 20 miles.

We stopped at the little cafe in Cassoday, just off the Kansas Turnpike southwest of Emporia. The idea was to follow one of the squiggly

by Dan Hager

illustrations by Richard A. Young

THE FLINT HILLS OF KANSAS

roads past Teeterville, out into the emptiness, even if it meant driving off the edge of the world.

"Just be sure you're back by nightfall," said the blacksmith next to me as he finished his coffee. "You don't want to get into that area at night; you'll get lost. All the roads look alike. You'll just go around in circles, and there's nobody there to ask directions from."

As he got up to leave he added some reassurance: "We know the country. We'll send out an airplane to look for you."

And he told us of the small town where his son lived, and that if we got there he'd be glad to help. His son's town wasn't on the map; Teeterville, with population zero, was still shown. We began to wonder what a town not on the map must be like.

We set out. East of town a rancher drove toward us, kicking up gravel. We waved, and he waved; that's a natural part of the country. He was the last human we saw for three hours. We weren't totally alone, though. Once we saw a roostertail of dust about 15 miles away, not far from where we'd been long before. In the Flint Hills you can look back and see where you were an hour ago.

The Flint Hills are not hard to pick out on a map. They stand out as a long narrow strip where the map-makers went home early—few streams, fewer towns, hardly any roads. They start north of Manhattan and run south, about a county or so wide, down to the Oklahoma border.





The Kansas Turnpike knifes diagonally across their midsection.

There's a kind of attraction-repulsion about the Flint Hills. They make you look inside yourself; they make you ask: How do I handle solitude? The scope is so grand, you can't be unaffected. You either want to slow down, to savor, to stop, or you furtively push the accelerator a touch harder and say to yourself, "Maybe over the next hill there's civilization again."

I talked to Frank Nelson before leaving the Hills. He's a native of the Hills from a ranch northwest of Emporia, where he teaches biology in the high school. He takes a group of high school students out each summer. They hike into the trackless hills, 20 or 30 miles at least. The kids get to a spot where there's not a road in sight, not even a path, not a dwelling, not a power line, no other human being alive in the world besides the few of them—just arching Kansas sky and horizontal space so huge the earth seems a giant ladle.

"Some of the kids panic," Frank says. "They can't take it, at least not at first. Later, they say it was the greatest experience they ever had."

This land, sere in late summer and autumn, turns lush and green in the springtime rains, and there's a proliferation of wild flowers and meadow-larks. The big bluestem surges. It has been called the "ice cream of grasses"—cattle, they say, will walk a mile to get at it.

A million head of beef cattle fatten

here each year. A steer can put on as much as three or four pounds a day. A century ago, Texas cattle, bony after the drive north, were turned loose in the Flint Hills to regain their vigor before being shipped from Abilene. Because of the richness of the grasses here, the present ratio of land to animals is only five acres to one, about the lowest in the world.

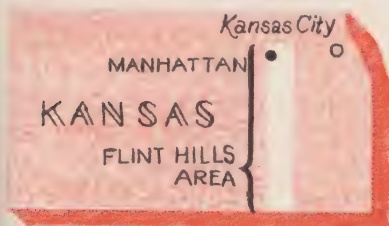
The forage is not an ordinary kind of bluestem; it is calcium-rich from the limestone into which it sends its roots. By one old-timer's reckoning, Flint Hills cattle are the strongest-boned on earth, thus they can hang a lot of meat on their frames.

The limestone formation, a vestige of eons-old seas, runs deep underground to the west. It once ran far to the east, but millions of years of erosion removed that part and left the slender north-to-south outcrop pattern, hardly more than a long sliver on a broad-scale geological map. Much of the limestone is hard and flinty. These layers stand out as resistant prominences in the roadcuts and on the faces of the escarpments. Springs bubble out of hillsides atop the flinty layers.

We saw how flinty the rock was along the back trails past Teeterville. The limestone gravel was fractured into natural arrowheads. I'll admit that as the trail wound down and below the escarpments and around the dry creek beds and up again to the ridges, I worried. Besides the sharp-edged gravel, there was jagged bedrock protruding from the

roadbed. I wondered if four-ply tires were enough.

Later, I asked Frank Nelson about that. No, he said, eight-plys are standard out in the Hills. That's what he uses for his backlands vehicle, though one time he ventured out in his four-ply station wagon. He had two flats to go with his one spare. He located a rancher who lent him an extra wheel and tire. Neither ever thought to inquire of the other's name or phone number. It was simply understood that, when he could,



Frank would be back.

That told plenty about the Flint Hills, and it seemed to fit with what had happened a few evenings earlier. The road we were driving suddenly ceased in a barbed-wire barrier. The initial reaction was heat: Why couldn't somebody have put up a simple sign back at the last turnoff, just a "Dead End" or a "No Outlet"?

Now I can ask, why should they? Whoever is poking around the Flint Hills should know there's barbed wire there. Lead-you-by-the-hand civil authority seems remote in such country. The land is so vast and awesome it demands a special kind of

adaptability, of perseverance. But when something goes amiss for someone else: instant assistance—no questions asked.

Besides, the barbed wire gave us a chance to linger for the darkening colors of the landscape, the new pinks touching the slivers of clouds in the southern sky, the intensifying boldness of the lonesome trees and windmills against the setting sun.

And we were back on our bearings by twilight, to take in another side of the country. The night deepened, and we stopped and looked up, and in the big stillness saw stars most of the world has never seen.

And ahead, in the lilting Flint Hills air, the lights twinkled across the unnumbered miles all out of proportion to their distance. Cottonwood Falls spread out below from the crest of a hill; a tiny town, but there was the sense of a night flight, of easing down into a fair-sized city. Even the small seems big in the Flint Hills.

They are no place to rush through, though most do. Some leave and don't want to return. A cowhand who worked a Flint Hills ranch before the turn of the century later went east as a newspaperman, with no regrets. He saw the land as a "grizzled country" with "wide, depressing uplands" that possessed most of the year, he said, a "sullenness."

Frank Nelson sees the Hills as haunting, vibrant, compelling, a magnet. He goes far out into the Hills whenever he can.

I'm for Frank Nelson. □



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS BY NANCY KENNEDY



STRAWTOWN INN PELLA, IOWA

Special European dinners are served in the main dining room of this restored 1855 home, one of the first built by the area's Dutch settlers. There is also a cozy wine cellar where dinner and sandwiches are offered. Lunch and dinner served every day, except Sunday and Monday evenings. Reservations necessary for meals and overnight accommodations. About 40 miles southeast of Des Moines, it is at 1111 Washington Street (State Highway 163) at the west end of Pella.

DARRYL'S 1849 RESTAURANT RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

Located at 6008 Glenwood Avenue (the Raleigh-Durham Highway), this is a multilevel restaurant, in the decor of the 1849 gold rush days. Lunch and dinner served every day. Reservations not necessary.

LASAGNA

1 pound ground beef
¼ pound mild Italian sausage,
peeled
½ teaspoon granulated garlic
6 cups tomato sauce
12 ounces tomato paste
1 tablespoon oregano
1 teaspoon crushed rosemary
3 teaspoons salt
1½ teaspoons black pepper
½ cup dry red wine
1 pound lasagna noodles, uncooked
2 eggs

STUFFED PORK CHOPS

3-pound boneless pork loin, cut into six
8-ounce portions

Dressing: Mix together lightly 8 cups sweet dough bread, ⅓ cup chopped celery, ⅓ cup diced apple, ⅓ cup chopped onion, ⅓ cup chopped English walnuts, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika and 1 teaspoon chopped parsley. Stir ingredients while adding milk until all ingredients are just moist. Make a pocket in the six chops and stuff each with dressing. Place in baking pan and put ¼ inch water or pork stock in bottom of pan, cover with foil and roast at 250° for 3 hours. Serves 6.

2 pounds creamed cottage chse, small
curd

1 pound mozzarella cheese, sliced

In a large frying pan, mix ground beef, sausage and garlic. Brown slowly until all of the fat is cooked off. Drain excess fat. To the drained meat add tomato sauce, tomato paste, oregano, rosemary, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper and wine. Mix well and simmer over low heat for 30 minutes, stirring often. Prepare lasagna noodles according to package instructions. Beat together eggs, remaining salt and pepper and then mix with cottage cheese. Lightly grease a 13x9x2-inch casserole. Layer half of noodles, half of cottage cheese mixture and half of cheese and half of meat sauce, then repeat. Cover and bake in 350° oven for about 45 minutes. Let cool 10 minutes. Serves 10-12.



illustration by Richard A. Young

DAFFODIL'S BEDFORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

About an hour's drive from Boston, this delightful restaurant is on Route 101 West, in downtown Bedford. Take Route 101 west from I-93, just south of Manchester, New Hampshire. Lunch and dinner served every day, except Christmas. Reservations necessary. John Clover and Rick Loeffler are the owners.

JOHN'S FAVORITE CHEESE CAKE

Crust: Mix together $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups graham cracker crumbs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups melted butter and $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar. Press mixture into 10-inch-wide, 2-inch-deep springform pan.

FLAGSTAFF HOUSE BOULDER, COLORADO

A picturesque dining spot on the side of a mountain, on Flagstaff Mountain Road, this restaurant is a little over a mile west of the city of Boulder. It offers a magnificent view of the city and of the Colorado plains. Dinner is served every day; reservations recommended. Don Monette is the owner.

KING CRAB LAUSANNE

Layer in a casserole 4 pounds King Crab meat pieces, 8 large fresh mushrooms and 8 canned artichoke hearts. Make a sauce by combining 3 cups rich fish stock (or 13-oz. can crab bisque with 3 cups water), 3 cups heavy cream, 2 teaspoons dry Dijon mustard, 2 teaspoons curry

FILLING

*1½ pounds cream cheese
¾ cup sugar
2 eggs
¼ cup flour
1 teaspoon vanilla*

Mix cream cheese and sugar together. Beat eggs into mixture, then stir in flour. Put into crust and bake at 350° for 30 minutes. Then add topping (below).

TOPPING:

Mix together 1 cup sour cream, 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla and spread on top of hot-cheese cake. Bake 5 minutes more at 425°. Refrigerate and, when cooled, top with canned cherry pie filling.

powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine and salt and pepper, to taste. Make a roux by melting 4 tablespoons butter and mixing with 4 tablespoons flour until it forms a smooth paste. Stir this into sauce and cook together, stirring constantly until sauce thickens slightly. Pour over casserole and bake for 10 minutes at 375° in a preheated oven. Serves 8-10.

HONEY MUSTARD DRESSING

*4 cups mayonnaise
2 cups prepared mustard
2 cups honey
1 cup creamy Italian dressing*

Blend ingredients well and serve on fresh spinach or tossed green salad with sliced fresh mushrooms, bean sprouts, bacon bits and shredded hard-boiled eggs. Store extra dressing in refrigerator. Makes 2 quarts.

illustration by James Stelma

Letters Letters Letters

Their Hero

I thoroughly enjoyed the "American Sandwiches" article in your September 1977 issue. Have you been deluged by letters from irate citizens because you omitted their local favorites? In this area, we are most proud of *spiedi*. It has nothing to do with quickness, and is incorrectly spelled s-p-e-c-d-y by the unknow-

ing. Our *spiedi* is skewered lamb pieces cooked over charcoal and served with a piece of Italian bread. But that is oversimplification. The lamb has to be marinated for several hours in a garlic and oil sauce, spiced with oregano and basil for starters. It's said the original recipe was brought to this town by an early immigrant from Italy, Camillo Iacavelli. While first served at just one restaurant, where it was charcoaled over a little stove outside the premises, it still is a specialty in this area, where the best Italian food in the nation is served.

Jeanne B. Miller
Endicott, New York

Fords Galore

There are 11 homes on our street, and 10 Ford products in the garages. Over a 30-year period, I have owned 16 Fords, but a recent advertisement by Shepard Ford of Canandaigua,

New York, proves that my neighbor Al Dahl's ownership of 27 Fords throughout the years is the record for Howard Avenue.

Gene Burlingham
Holcomb, New York

Cotton Car

In remembrance of Ford Motor Company's 75th anniversary, my aunt, Mrs. D. E. Hodges, recently gave me the enclosed photo of a Model T, circa 1913. My uncle, Lee Newton (top right), was a mechanic then for the Clark Auto Company. Others in the photo are (left to right): Bob Harden, mechanic; Tom Cobb, salesman, and Samuel D. Clark, dealership owner.

J. Byron Newton, Jr.
Savannah, Georgia



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sounds like a pretty dull life style."



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